

# Joanna Newsom, Yarn And Glue

Do you know what this is, son?  
This is the Panopticon  
And all around us blink the brash  
And shifty eyes of common cash

So do we die or do we travel  
Down the path by which one dabbles  
In the arts of antediluvian crafts  
With yarn and glue?

So gather twilight to your breast  
And couch the rabble-rouser's nest  
And we will take a day of rest  
And we will all be heaven-blessed

And we will gather round to dine  
And pass the time with wicked rhymes  
And toast in dandelion wines  
To hear their mellifluous chimes

We toast the fallow furrows that we sow,  
And we toast the monies that we owe, owe, owe  
And we toast the creditors we daily face  
Who topple down with gruesome grace

And we toast the aristocrats with blood of blue  
'Cause we know that our collars are that color, too  
And we toast the artisans of antediluvian crafts  
With yarn and glue

We do, we do